

*(Enter DEVADATTA, the
King^{9*}
Brahmin friend.)*

Sumitra

Tell me, sir, what is that
noise out-
side the gate ?

Devadatta

That noise ? Command me,
and
with the help of soldiers I
shall drive
away that noise, ragged and
hungry.

Sumitra

Do not mock me* Tell me
what
has happened.

Devadatta

Nothing. It is merely
hunger,—
the vulgar hunger of poverty.
The
famished horde of
barbarians is
rudely clamouring, making the
drowsy
cuckoos in your royal
garden start
up in fear.